

MOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH

EDITOR.

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JUNE 1, 1907.

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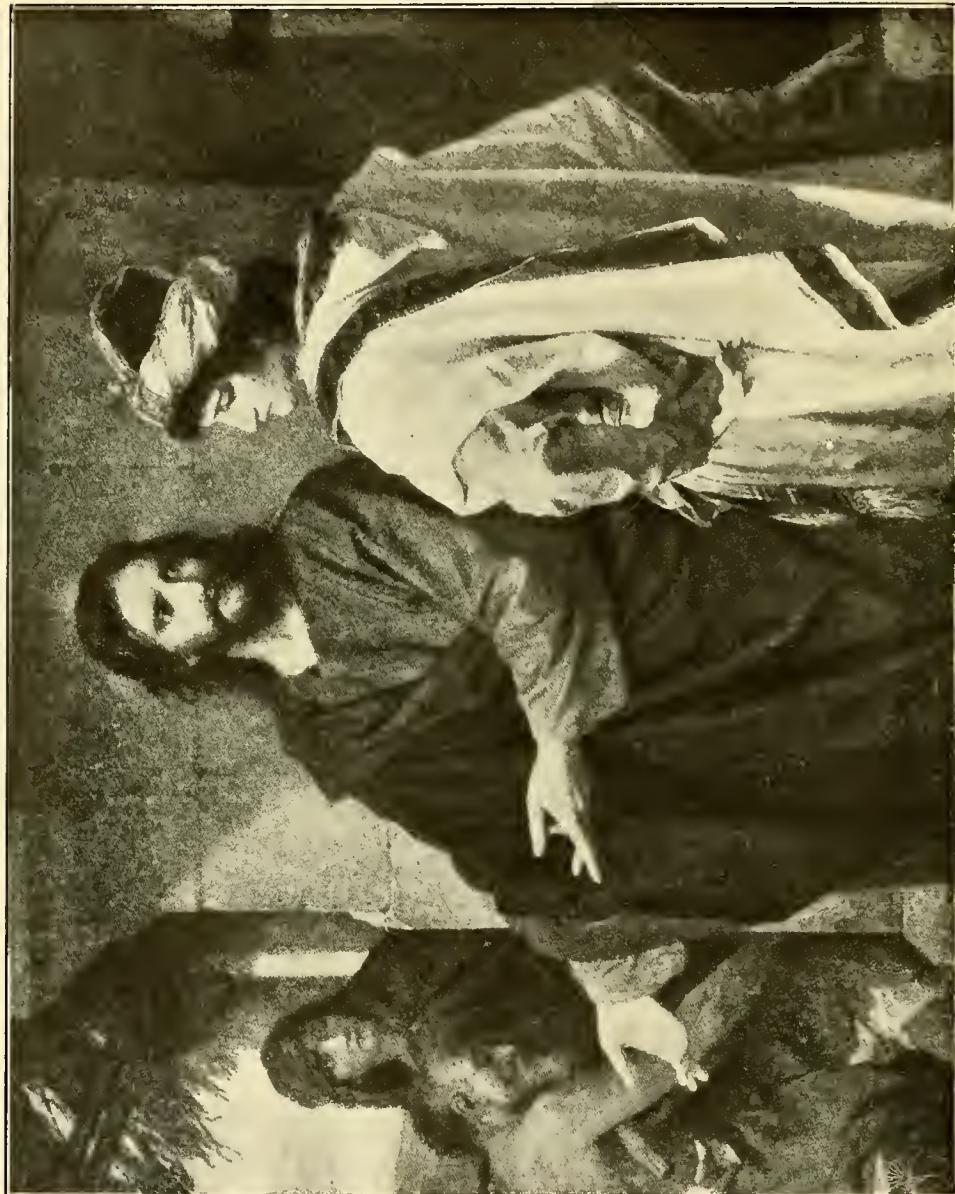
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CHRIST AND THE RICH YOUNG MAN.—Luke 18: 18-24.



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THE FOUNDER OF A COMMONWEALTH.

FATHER LAMB'S TESTIMONY.



ING an old New Yorker, and having followed the Church from New York to Salt Lake City, and having passed my seventy-fifth birthday, I desire to publish my testimony of the divinity of the Church of Christ.

My father, Abel Lamb, joined the Church in 1832 in the state of New York. In 1836 he went to Kirtland with his family. There is where I first remember the Prophet Joseph Smith, his father, and Hyrum Smith. Hyrum Smith was a true type of an American gentleman.

Joseph, Sr., (Father Smith, we all called him), came often to my father's house. Once while there he laid his hands upon my head and blessed me, and his words have been verified. He was fond of telling stories. His mind seemed centered on the Book of Mormon and the Revolutionary War. I remember he had some mummies in the upper rooms of the Temple where he took me with others to see them. When I looked at the little brown fellows, that was enough for me. I didn't ask to go again.

We then went to Diahman, Mo., in the year 1838 where we again met the Prophet. In 1839, we went to Quincy, Ill., where my father was called to preside over a branch of the Church called Mt. Hope, 20 miles east of Quincy. We were called to Nauvoo in the spring of 1844, and there I became well acquainted with the Prophet, who recognized me whenever he met me. He would take my hand and look into my face and the most heavenly spirit would come over me; and I feel the same spirit even now when I speak or write about it.

Yes, I knew the Prophet. I grew up at his feet. I also knew the Twelve Apostles and most of the Saints in Nauvoo. They were mostly Eastern people and were very patriotic. The Elders (the Prophet included) could scarcely preach a Gospel sermon without going down to Valley Forge or climbing Bunker Hill.

I heard Joseph Smith preach the last sermon he ever preached on earth. I saw him leave the city on his way to Carthage never more to return in life. He was escorted by his wife and other ladies and gentlemen. How far the escort went, I do not know. Little did Mrs. Emma Hale Smith know that the parting kiss was the

farewell kiss for this life; but the heart of her husband felt it so, and believed it was their last interview on earth, and his forebodings proved true.

History says he returned and went again the same day. But I do not remember. The tragedy is familiar to all Latter-day Saints. Joseph and Hyrum Smith's bodies were conveyed to Nauvoo and thousands of people followed them in broken procession

to the Mansion House, and there left them lying in state. Their death was a hard blow. It was so sudden and unexpected. Everyone was overcome by the shock. All business was suspended; the hammer was left on the scaffold, and the trowel on the wall. Tears rolled down the cheeks of strong men, and women wept aloud. Oh, how dark was that day! a day never to be forgotten while memory dwells in the



PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG,
Born June 1, 1801, Died August 29, 1877.

minds of those who witnessed its scenes. All was commotion; the question was echoed and re-echoed, "What will the Church do now that the shepherd has left us?"

BRIGHAM YOUNG, THE SHEPHERD.

Brigham Young was in the Eastern States when he heard the sad news of Joseph's death, but returned to Nauvoo in haste. The Twelve Apostles called a meeting of the people in the Church Grove and on that occasion I was sitting on a back seat, whence I could not see the speaker but could hear distinctly. I heard Brigham Young address the congregation. He had said but a few words when of a sudden there came a sound that brought me to my feet. It was the voice of Joseph Smith, and it came with such power that it stirred the blood in my veins.

It was the shepherd's voice; I know it was. I did not think that others were affected as I was until I returned home. Father got home before I did, but as soon as I opened the door, my father said, "Well, Edwin, who is to be the President of the Church?" I said, "Brigham Young," and I saw that father had the spirit of that occasion yet upon him, and he bore testimony to what we had heard.

Edwin R. Lamb.



A TRUE FRIEND TO JOSEPH.

IT was in 1837. The Saints had been in Kirtland about six years, and, in the language of the Bible, were flourishing like a green bay tree. Their numbers had increased in a wonderful manner; they had grown in wealth; some of the most remarkable manifestations of God's power and goodness had appeared; they had withstood their enemies in all their endeavors to overthrow the Church; they had built a magnificent temple, the beauty and marvel of the Western Reserve; and they were send-

ing missionaries abroad with the glad tidings of great joy to all the world.

But in 1837 there came a change. A good many of the Saints had engaged in speculation. Like others, they wanted to make money faster than they ought to. They bought things on credit; they borrowed money; they purchased goods at high prices, expecting to sell them at higher; they built bigger houses, and wore costlier clothes than they could afford. And some of these men who did all this were numbered among the High Priests, the Seventies, and even the Apostles and the First Presidency. There came, of course, a reckoning day, as there must always be when we go out of the way of right. Their houses and clothes were unpaid for, the money they borrowed had to be given back with heavy interest, and there was trouble everywhere. There was worry, anxiety, and bitterness. And each man looked about for someone to blame.

Naturally enough, that man was Joseph the Prophet. Blameless as he was, yet the Apostles called him fallen prophet. Loss of money, you know, will often bring on a strange state of mind. Once the Prophet fell sick. That was evidence, these men said, of his being fallen; it was the judgment of God on him. They cursed him, they made him trouble on every hand, they even sought his life. Once, when Wilford Woodruff expressed his desire to go to Fox Islands to preach, President Rigdon said to him: "Go Brother Woodruff, for some of the evil spirits will go with you, and so fewer will be left here to torment us." And Joseph declared at this time that he scarcely knew who was a friend.

Brigham Young, however, was not affected by any of this apostate spirit. His faith in the Prophet and the work of God was unshaken, his heart was as strong, and his head as clear as ever. And not only that. He was bold everywhere in declaring his faith. It was a daring thing to do .

at this time; but President Young was always a brave and courageous man. It mattered little to him whether he was with one man or five thousand, so he felt he was right.

Once at a meeting of the apostates he listened no man after man berate his friend Joseph till he could stand it no longer. Up he jumped to defend him. "I know," he said, "that Joseph is not a fallen prophet. *You* are fallen—*you* have left the way; and if you don't repent you will be under great condemnation."

There was a man at this meeting named Jacob Bump, who had once been a famous fighter. While Brigham was talking he writhed in his seat, so angry was he at Brother Brigham's words. His neighbors tried to keep him quiet. Finally, he shouted:

"How can I keep my hands off that man?" meaning Brigham.

"If it will give you any relief," said Brigham Young, "to lay your hands on me, you may certainly lay them on."

But Bump didn't.

Another time, Joseph had been away from Kirtland. He was expected home on a certain day and hour. His enemies knew this, and laid a scheme to kill him. William, the Prophet's brother, getting wind of this plan, took a buggy to a town a few miles out from Kirtland, which Joseph would pass on his way, with the intention of telling the Prophet of the plan. Brigham went with William. When they reached the town, President Young told William to take the stage in Joseph's place, while he and the Prophet would ride into Kirtland together in the carriage. This was done at great hazard, but the Prophet reached home in safety.

So it was on many other occasions. Brigham was always coming to the rescue of his leader, at the risk of his own life. Finally, the Prophet went to Missouri, where most of the Saints had already gone.

Then, however, the brunt of his enemies' efforts at destruction fell on Brigham Young. He also shortly afterwards, made his escape, at night, into Missouri.

John Henry Evans.

AM YOUNG AND AGRICULTURE.

GREAT men look into the future. To them, the splendor of to-day is measured by the strength it will give to the morrow; the value of a building is determined as much by the foundation as by the superstructure.

Brigham Young, who was in every sense, a great man, held steadily before his thoughts the future destiny of Utah, as a great commonwealth, in which millions of happy families should find homes. He understood that the foundation of natural prosperity is the development of the industries that root in the soil. From the day of his arrival in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains he advocated the development of the agricultural resources of the State.

Very soon after the arrival of the pioneers, gold was discovered in California. Hundreds of thousands of people rushed from all parts of the earth to the new found land of gold. The great trains of the gold seekers passed through the settlements of the Saints. Some of the members of the Church were actually present in California at the finding of the first gold in the sands of Sutro's mill-race. The Mormon people under the leadership of Brigham Young were brought into direct contact with the intoxicating spirit of the gold hunter. Many of them naturally were captivated by the visions of wealth, and proposed to join in the quest for gold. It was so near at hand.

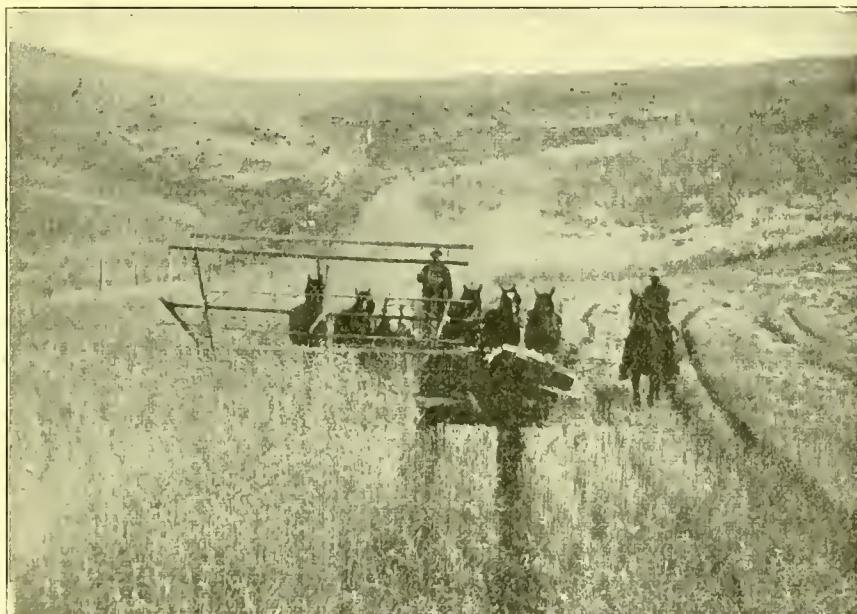
In the midst of this excitement, Brigham Young did not swerve from the course which he knew by inspiration would lead his people to permanent happiness. To all who, sick with the fever of gold, came to

him for counsel, he declared that the people of God would remain content with the development of the soil, and the consequent building of cities and a sturdy manhood, which in the face of easily obtained money, can say "I have no need of you, to-day. My present work is yet incomplete."

Later, as the pioneers explored the mountains and the canyons, ledges filled with the glittering minerals that bespeak the presence of gold, were found and

to-day, are affected very little by the changing conditions of the great markets of the world. Her feet are planted and fixed in the soil. For this, let much of the praise be given to Brigham Young.

Brigham Young himself was a lover of the soil and of its beautiful products. He knew the value of the sunshine and the fresh air that accompany the tilling of the soil. His own farms show the interest he took in agriculture; the trees he planted,



HARVESTING ON AN ARID FARM.

brought to the prophet leader. But he shook his head, "Not yet," he said; "our foundation in the soil is not yet laid securely enough." The people, who were also wise, went on with the building of the State—and waited.

Thus Utah, with less numerical help than has been given to any of the other great States of the West, has become the foremost western commonwealth. She has furnished and is furnishing, to-day, lessons for the constructive statesman and sociologist and the empire-builder. Her people,

many of which are yet with us, testify to the same soil-love. It is said that one of the finest kitchen gardens in Salt Lake City was for many years to be found back of the Lion House, the residence of Brigham Young.

The religion founded by Joseph Smith, through God's command, has no quarrel with wealth. All that the earth has in her keeping is for the use and benefit of mankind. Yet true prosperity on earth always has depended upon the products of the soil, and always will do so. All the

leaders of the Church have recognized this truth. We look for greater things to be given us—great as these are. The growth of Zion is not yet complete. Mastery of times and men and circumstances is our destiny. All this and more will be ours, if the foundation of our growth is laid securely in the soil and in the science of agriculture.

It is very doubtful if Brigham Young, when he advocated to God's chosen people that they remain largely an agricultural people, had any idea of the wonderful development of agriculture which would come in these latter days. In a sense, the fact that agriculture is now being recognised as a very desirable profession, testifies to the divine inspiration of the prophet Brigham Young.

The end is not yet. Let us look into the future. Let every man secure for himself an inheritance in our good, old mother Earth; then till it, and rejoice in the wonder that "God has wrought."

*

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S DEVOTION TO HIS CHILDREN.

THE little girl lay very sick with fever. Her long, beautiful yellow curls were tossed and tangled on the white pillow; her bright blue eyes were glassy and brilliant with the fire which was raging in her veins. The mother bent above her couch with increasing anxiety. For three days the child had sickened and the mother had used all the simple household remedies known to her motherly skill. But the moaning child grew weaker and worse. There was an epidemic of "putrid sore throat" prevalent in the city, and the mother who watched over her child in the large upper chamber of the Beehive House was very apprehensive and depressed. The little curly head tossed to and fro on the pillow as if in answer to the waving branches of the cherry tree outside

which was vainly trying to reach, in its youth, the sill of the upper window.

"Mother," wailed the child, "send to the office for father. He will come to me when he knows how sick I am; and if he will only come and put his hands on my head and bless me, I know I shall get well."

"Oh Clara, don't ask for that. Your father knew you were ill this morning and prayed for you then. And now he is very busy holding meeting with the brethren."

The child lay quiet for a while after this rebuke, but presently her cries broke forth afresh. She began to be delirious, and babbled of the Lake and Black Rock, crying out that her eyes were smarting from the salt spray.

At that moment, the mother's brother-in-law, Uncle Feramorz Little, came into the room where the sick child lay. The moment little Clara saw him, she began crying again for her father to come.

"Lucy," said he to his sister, "why don't you send in for President Young? Don't you hear Clara calling for him?"

Mrs. Young explained that the President was very busy with an important council meeting.

"Well," answered Uncle Ferry, "I am going in myself to tell him how Clara is suffering, and he can please himself about coming in to see her."

The President was surrounded, in his low-ceiled office, with a large party of the leaders of the people. They were in deep consultation. But the moment Brigham Young saw the usually cheery face of his favorite nephew, Ferry Little, now clouded and grave, he invited him to come in, and asked him why he looked so sad. His answer stirred the President to the depth of his soul. Turning to the assembled brethren, he said, "Brethren, I have a very sick child calling for me. This council can wait—my sick child can't!" And in a moment he was by the bedside of the little

girl, and with his soft, loving hand upon her fevered head, he prayed God to restore his child.

Even as his cool hand rested upon her brow, the little one closed her eyes and soon she was quietly asleep. Her faith had made her whole.

Some months after this, little Clara had a very violent tooth-ache. After much suffering, she found her way into her father's chamber and told him of her trouble. He looked carefully into her little mouth.

"Clara, I'm afraid I can't pull this big tooth with my string; I think I shall have to take you down to Dr. Sharp's and have him take it out."

Clara's face blanched with sudden terror. She had submitted to her father's pulling of her childish teeth; and afterwards gratefully accepted the long string of rock candy which was the inevitable reward for every such operation, and they were many. There were thirty little mouths from which baby teeth were often to be drawn. Every child in the house was familiar with the string of rock candy. But a visit to Dr. Sharp's gloomy, shabby little office inside the wall near the Deseret News office, that was quite a different thing! Clara had never paid the place a visit; and she had never wished to do so.

To the dentist's office, therefore, started the President with his yellow-tressed daughter. Poor Clara; what between fright of her father's determination and fright of the terrible "Doctor" Sharp, and misery of the loss of the prospect of rock candy, she was in a pitiable plight. She finally mustered up courage to make a vigorous protest.

"Father," she said, "my tooth has stopped aching," as they were wending their way westward to the office.

"But, Clara, that is only because you are frightened. I have had all of mine drawn. See your father's new teeth;" and he showed her the lovely porcelain set which had replaced the miserable aching ones

that had caused him trouble for many suffering years.

But Clara was not to be cajoled even at that; and she openly rebelled. What was to be done?

"Clara, come on with me, and don't cry; we will go down to Clark, Eldredge and Co. and see if they have a doll there."

This most unusual prospect at once convinced the doll-loving child that it was always better to mind father. Accordingly they proceeded past the dreaded dentist's door, down to the large store in the Constitution building.

Here, Clara saw a perfectly glorious wax doll, with yellow curls, not a bit yellower or curlier than her own, nor half so long; but very soft they were, those curls, and capable of actual combing. Then, the doll had real eyes and a beautiful wax nose; not one painted on its face, as so many of her early dolls had had for their ugly rag faces. And when her father actually bought that wild dream of a doll and put it in her arms, all wrapped up in a white-brown paper, she felt as if she could face the guns of Fort Douglas itself, if need be, in the delight of her possession. And so the tooth came out, with a scream, and a strong pull.

Clara is the mother of five beautiful children now, but she still cherishes the tooth, the doll, and memory.

It seems perfectly right and natural that her father should drop everything and take her down to the dentist's; and quite proper also, but so absolutely unexpected and altogether delightful, that he should go on past the dreadful tooth "parlor" to a store, that even now, thirty-five years later, Clara feels the joyous thrill that set her feet dancing when her stately father, with his tall, portly form, his deliberate dignity, took his way into the place of dear delights, the "store." And with what understanding did he discuss with her the various charms of brown and yellow hair, blue and black eyes as increasing the radiant beauty of

a "store doll!" That was a day and a doll! Packed away in silver paper is that precious doll, and closed behind golden portals in memory's chancel broods the image of that grandest and best of fathers! To others, Brigham Young may be statesman, pioneer, financier, colonizer or fulfiller of prophecy; to Clara he is just—Father Beloved, almost adored! No better father ever lived or loved.

And Clara's little girl who listens to this story, asks, "Are there dolls in Heaven?"

Who can tell? But Clara answers, "Father's there, and mother; what else matters?"

Susa Young Gates.

•

SOME O' THE FOLKS.

SHE reminded one of a transplanted wild rose, for she had blossomed into fair, sweet girlhood in the seclusion and isolation of a countryside, and had been, until her recent arrival in town, totally unfamiliar with city ways. She was therefore frequently surprised at the free and easy conversation of her new girl friends, and they in turn were amused at her diffidence and reserve.

"Rose is a dear," they agreed, "but so painfully shy; why, she blushes if a boy but looks at her."

How, then, could they imagine her having a sweetheart? Of course, *they* had beaux by the score, and they talked of nothing but boys. But Rose was different. She scarcely admitted even to herself that her heart was touched, how much less could she proclaim the fact. The name of her sweetheart was sacred to her; it made music in her heart, but it never passed her lips.

One day her friends were planning a social gathering—an "all-girl party" they called it.

"You must come, Rose," they said, "It's just your style."

"Why, I—I'm expecting—some o' the folks," stammered the blushing Rose.

"Oh, then you will, of course, want to spend the time with them," said Lucy, coming to her rescue.

A day or so later the girls were talking about a lecture they wished to attend. "Shall we call for you, Rose?" asked Dora.

"Why—a—no." The embarrassment of the girl was evident. "No; some o' the folks"—

"Your folks; are they here yet?"

Lucy, always ready to take Rose's part, interrupted, "Well, then, we must not tear you away.

"Do you notice how she blushes whenever any mention is made of her folks?" asked Theresa. "I can't help but think she is ashamed of them and doesn't want us to meet them."

"But see how devoted she is to them," said Lucy.

"Well, they are probably old-fashioned and countrified," Dora surmised, "and perhaps she is afraid we might make fun of them; you know how extremely sensitive she is."

The next week the crowd of girls were off on an excursion to a neighboring town.

"We'll have the jolliest time," said Lucy as the train sped onward. "My brother, Lon, will meet us at the station, and he will see that we enjoy our trip. You need not feel shy with him, Rose," she added, turning to her friend, "He is so full of fun."

"Why, I—you must excuse me," murmured Rose, "Some o' the folks—"

"Oh, do you expect some one to meet you? Well, we can look you up afterwards," replied her kind-hearted friend.

When the train pulled into the station, there stood Lon, smiling and jolly, but Rose looked round in vain for "Some o' the folks." The girls tried to persuade her to go with them, but the usually pliant girl seemed to have developed a sudden streak of obstinacy and independence.

"There, now, what did I tell you," said Theresa, as they turned away and left Rose

to her fate, "She wanted to get rid of us. I shouldn't wonder if she told her folks to come later on purpose. She's ashamed to have us meet them."

Lon stared at Theresa, and gave a low whistle, but just as he was about to speak, a handsome young fellow driving a trim little motor-car dashed up to the curb and hailed him,

"Is the train in? Where—" but before he could put the question, Lon interrupted him.

"Down in the waiting room."

"All right; good bye," and the motor darted away again.

"Who is he?" cried the girls in one breath.

"Some o' the folks," said Lon, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

Marian Adams.



BESSIE WARRINGTON

CHAPTER SIXTH.

SITUATED but a few hundred feet from a ward meeting house in one of the northern stakes of Zion, was a cosy-looking cottage, which to judge by the well-kept lawn and beautifully-arranged flower beds that graced the front, as well as the pretty way the house was festooned with evergreens and the like, was a source of joy and gratification to its occupants.

The family consisted of a mother, a grown-up son and a daughter, another daughter having celebrated her wedding some few months previous, while the remaining one was on the eve of a similar auspicious event.

The son was a fairly good-looking man of about thirty years of age, and was, up to the time of which we write, a bachelor, without any immediate intention of wedlock. He with his mother and sisters were consistent Latter-day Saints, and, as in numerous other cases, so in this, the son, after he had embraced the Gospel in

the old country, piloted the way for the rest of the family to Zion, they following and joining the Church after their arrival there.

Courteous and ever genial in his behavior and disposition, the man was not without admirers among the girls of the ward, but when it came to love-making, his affections were as invulnerable as the rock of Gibraltar.

"Crossed in love before he came here," was the invariable excuse advanced by his mother whenever approached on the subject of her son's exclusiveness toward the gentler sex.

The family had now resided in Utah for nearly six years, at the end of which time the mother became dissatisfied with the small returns accruing from certain properties owned by her in England, and which, owing to her expectations of returning to that country, she did not dispose of at the time of her visit to Utah.

"Sister Ainsworth, my advice to you would be to sell the property back there, and let all your interests be centered right here in on," counselled the ward bishop, to whom Sister Ainsworth had incidentally confided her financial status.

"Yes," answered the matron of the cosy looking cottage above referred to, "Jem can take a trip over and dispose of everything; that is, if I can get him in the frame of mind to undertake the journey."

"Has he any objections to going?" queried the bishop.

Here Sister Ainsworth related a little of her son's love affair in England, at the same time adding, that according to a letter received by them a year or so after their settlement in Utah, Jem's loved one was keeping company with another man in Chesterfield, to whom she was undoubtedly long ago married, with not a thought of Jem Ainsworth to mar her peace of mind.

"I know," further spoke the good sister,

"that my boy doesn't care to set eyes in Chesterfield any more; and only a few days ago he told me that should he ever have occasion to visit the old town again, he'd see to it that neither the girl nor her embittered parents should be troubled by his presence among them."

"Sister Ainsworth," again spoke the bishop, this time drawing himself up as if desirous of increasing his stature—he was a little man—"you tell Brother Ainsworth to go, and I promise him, that instead of sorrow of mind, he shall rejoice in his labors, and be blessed above expectation."

It was but three weeks or so after this little episode when the Ainsworth home was *en fete* with a merry party gathered there to join in the festivities gotten up by Elder James Ainsworth in honor of his youngest sister, who that day had been married to a stalwart young Mormon from a near-by settlement who had but recently returned from a mission.

"I don't know whether I am right in my views; but now that Sister Agnes is married, it seems to me that the Ainsworth family are just beginning to live," said Elder Ainsworth to his mother, as after retiring for a few minutes from the merriment within doors, they walked the lawn together.

"My dear boy," replied the mother tenderly, "I would like to see you married too."

A brief and somewhat painful silence followed her remark, after which the mother continuing said, "Jem, your excuses are not good taste here in Zion, as there are plenty of girls in this ward just as good and as lovable as—"

"Oh, mother, please don't talk of girls to me," interrupted Jem; "they're all right; but not until I have a different—" Here the sentence was cut short by a bevy of young sisters rushing upon him and almost dragging him into the house to join in a dance.

"We're just one short," said they, "come along, Brother Ainsworth; we're not going to have any excuse, and don't you ever think so."

But a few minutes, and realizing that it lacked but two days when he would leave for England, Jem surrendered himself to an enlivening waltz, which with other dances was kept up until the whole party was called to order to hear a few remarks from the bishop, who, as a guest, had danced and enjoyed himself with the best of them.

After tendering his congratulations to the newly-wedded couple, and also treating a little on the marriage question from a Latter-day Saint's point of view, the bishop briefly alluded to Jem's approaching trip to England, intimating at the same time that a few words from Brother Ainsworth would be appreciated by all present.

"I'm not much of a speaker, and really I don't know what to talk about on this occasion," rather abruptly broke in Jem, "but," continued he, "I can truly say that from the bishop down to the last man in the ward, I shall hold all in kind remembrance while I'm away."

"Brother Ainsworth, what's the matter with the girls?" asked one of the company.

"To the sisters I can only say that I love every one of them," he added as he resumed his seat by the side of his mother.

"What do you think of Ainsworth's speech? Did you believe all he said?" asked Ida Taylor, the ward organist, of a girl companion who ten minutes later stood with her on the sidewalk just prior to returning home.

"Yes; and why should I doubt his word?" replied the one addressed.

"Jem is a woman-hater, sure enough, carelessly said a brother who had just joined the girls, "for," said he, "a few weeks ago I happened to ask him why he didn't get married, and the freezing look

he gave me was enough to send the chills down a fellow's back.

"It's none of your business anyway whether he gets married or not," pluckily spoke up the fair defender of Brother Ainsworth. "Woman-hater, indeed," further quoted she; "what man is it, I'd like to know, who has thought enough to give candy to pacify cross children during our Sunday meetings? And who donated more than half the lumber that went to put up the little cottage for those two German sisters who recently came here with not a dollar to their name? And I know that when my sister Daisy got married, she received but one wedding present, and that was from your woman-hater, so called. Bah! actions speak louder than words."

The wordy tilt came suddenly to an end by the approach of Jem, who came to give them a handshake and to say good-by for a short season.

"Your father tells me you're going to get married in a month or so; and I wish you much happiness," said he to the girl who had done her best to vindicate his character.

"Thank you, Brother Ainsworth. I hope I will have more happiness than my sister Daisy is getting out of her matrimonial venture," answered the girl.

"Where's the trouble?" inquired Jem.

"Since he went to mining, Fred has not been the same man that he was. Drinking and sporting around is his besetting sin; and so indifferent has he become in his treatment of Daisy that she's thinking of leaving him to shift for himself," replied the younger sister.

"Fred used to be an exemplary Latter-day Saint; and low as he may have fallen, I think there's a possibility of raising him to his former plane," remarked Ainsworth.

"He came to our place two weeks ago, and such was his conduct that father told him that he had no use for such as he, and that he ought to be ashamed of himself," further said the girl.

"I'm inclined to think your father's method of redemption is not a wise one," said Jem.

While hard words savor forced control,
Words winsome oftentimes draw the soul.

"There's a Latter-day Saint for you, well worthy the best girl in the ward," remarked the younger girl to her companion as Jem left them and retraced his steps into the house.

"Well, look here Mabel," spoke up her male friend in a somewhat rasping tone of voice, "if you're so struck on him, why not shoulder your way up in his direction?"

"Because, as I have learned, he loves another—one who perhaps is more worthy of him than I am," answered the girl gravely. "But come to think of it, Charley; a chance would be a fine thing wouldn't it?" she the next moment added laughingly.

"I believe Jem is touched a little with the big head, and is just waiting for some angelic kind of girl to come his way; and that's all there is to it," replied the young fellow, who at once bade the girls good night and took his departure for home.

It was early morn upon the third day after his sister's wedding that Jem bade farewell to his friends, and in company with his mother and his new brother-in-law was driven to the depot some three miles away.

"Should you see the Warringtons in Chesterfield, have nothing to do with them; only to bear your testimony and leave them without excuse," were among the last words uttered by Sister Ainsworth to her son as the train that was to bear him away started on its journey. Five days more and he was in New York city where in company with a few departing missionaries who had been awaiting ship, he set sail for Liverpool, which port was reached some eight days later. With the exception of writing two letters, the one to his

mother and the other to his eldest sister—who directly after her mother's trip to Utah five years previously, had moved from Chesterfield to Clyde in Scotland, Jem spent two whole weeks of idleness around Liverpool, for which course of action he was truly pardonable as he just hated to set foot in Chesterfield again.

While he had no ill-feelings against any person on the face of the earth, he did not particularly care to see or to be seen by the Warringtons who some six years before had so ruthlessly and contemptuously deprived him of the society of his loved-one—who herself was now for aught he knew enjoying a prosperous and blissful life with her husband George Berrisford. After repairing for a second time to the *Millenial Star* office and receiving a few more words of counsel from the brethren there, he took train for Chesterfield, which place he reached that same day. Taking possession of one of the half-dozen hacks that stood waiting for hire at the depot, he was at once taken to the leading hostelry of the town at which place he sought seclusion in a neatly furnished room which he obtained at a moderate price.

There, through a bay window that faced toward the street, he was enabled to see and not be seen; and many were the faces he recognized, among which however were none of those from whose possible gaze he was now so anxiously screening himself, viz: the Warringtons and a few others who some years before had scorned him because he had joined the Mormons. Charge him not with cowardice, for as yet he was young in the ranks of the Master's army.

It was well on toward evening when in directing his gaze toward a certain bye-street the entrance of which squarely faced his window, he saw two women wending their way along the sidewalk, and by the unsteady gait that they assumed, he at once adjudged them to be intoxicated. One was more neatly attired than the oth-

er; and despite the flabby and somewhat bloated appearance of her face, an intelligent spirit manifested itself from out the depths of her eyes, that told too plainly that the sphere in which she moved was not naturally her own. Notwithstanding all this, the drunken condition of both women was sufficient to render them outcasts of the community at large.

The women at length came to a halt near a saloon, at which point the one in neat attire took a flask from under her wrap and handed it to her companion, beckoned her to go and get it replenished with liquor.

This done, both women then took a long draught from the bottle, much to the disgust of all who saw them.

"Poor sin-stained women," muttered Jem to himself, as he watched the couple eventually disappear from his view.

An hour or so passed when to his surprise he again saw the woman in the neat attire make a second visit to the saloon; this time accompanied by a little girl of some ten years of age. The flask was again displayed to view, the child was sent in to get it refilled, after which the little innocent was rewarded with a coin for the service performed.

But a few moments seemed to have passed when the drunken woman was confronted by the child's mother, who, enraged beyond endurance, fell upon the aggressor with intent to check her from any further use of her child for such base purposes. But the mother was no match for her drunken opponent who, while willing to be scorned and scoffed at for her sin, would in no wise submit to physical violence and that too at the hands of one of her sex. Had it not been for the arrival of a policeman, the mother would have been severely beaten, and she was only too willing to let the officer take her opponent into custody; herself promising to be a swift witness against her upon the day of trial in the court of justice.

Many were the troublesome thoughts that afflicted Jem's mind after he had retired for the night; for although he was not averse to seeing Bessie, he disliked the idea of being seen of her, especially as he thought of her now probably high social standing, together with the consequent pride that usually follows prosperity.

Little was he aware of the dire disclosures and stirring events that awaited him on the morrow; and it was not until after midnight that his troubled mind gave way to the demands of nature and allowed him to sleep.

Mary Ann Draycott.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



LETTERS TO MY BOY.

My Dear Son:—

There will be many things to occupy your attention and engage you in conversation as you grow in knowledge, and especially in the power to use knowledge. You will be told by your teachers many facts, you will be taught many principles to guide you in your studies and in your conduct in life. In this letter I want to call your attention to a principle upon which the success of a man in the world, quite frequently, if not in general, turns. It is the ability to distinguish between things that are important and things which are unimportant. Your success in a large way depends upon your ability to disregard those things that have no special value to your life physically, mentally or morally.

Many bright young men whose capacity to learn has given great promise to their future have made failures because they

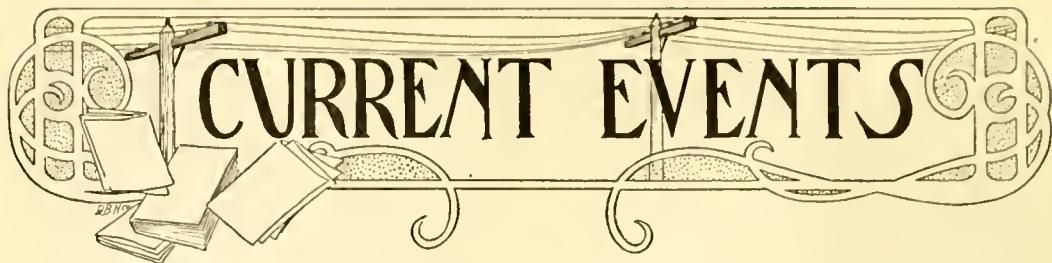
have loaded up their lives with what we sometimes call the non-essentials. They learn things and have talked about things that really have no great value to them or anyone else. You will therefore easily understand this truth when I tell you that very much of a man's success in the world depends upon what he is able to get rid of or do without altogether. If in the outset you should discover that matters engaging your conversation or your attention are not important to you, decline to discuss them or give them any consideration whatever, pass them by and let them make as little impression upon your mind and feelings as possible. If, however, you have entered into unprofitable discussions and given attention to unimportant matters, rid yourself of them as soon as you can. As a rule men who are loaded up with useless technicalities, with a lot of ideas and principles that have, and perhaps can have no working basis in life, are not successful. You should always have a special regard for the future. The future is always before you. Indeed a man's future is the most consequential factor in his life.

So far as you can, then, place yourself at some future period of your life, ten, fifteen, or twenty years ahead. Note what men of those different periods of life are doing, how they are getting on in the world, what their characteristics are and how they have been obtained; for you may learn by careful observation in your young days, from lessons of others that will be helpful to you in the fullness of your manhood. The important thing in a young man's life is not so much what he sees as what he is looking for.

WHO ARE THE VICTORS?

Speak History! who are life's victors?
Unroll thy long annals and say,
Are they those whom the world call the victors—
Who won the success of a day?

The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans
Who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His
Judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?



CURRENT EVENTS

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

THREE hundred years ago, Christopher Newport, Capt. John Smith, and Bartholomew Gosnold, with 105 followers, founded in what is now the state of Virginia, the first white settlement on American soil. There, on the shores of Chesapeake bay, is being celebrated now the already famous Jamestown exposition. The exposition was formally opened April 26, 1907, the three hundredth anniversary of the historic founding. The celebration was inaugurated with a great land and water display. The president of the nation pressed the proverbial gold button which set the proceedings in motion. The United States artillery fired a salute of three hundred guns, and the president, from the deck of the Mayflower, reviewed what has been called, the greatest and most impressive array of battleships that was ever witnessed in American waters. The Jamestown Exposition will continue until November 30, 1907, and promises in every way to be a distinct success.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

IN the month of June there is to be another peace congress at the Hague. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman threw out the suggestion some time ago that the coming congress might perhaps to advantage adopt a resolution which would limit the present naval and land forces to their present dimensions. Naturally this did not suit the Germans whose fondest dream is a navy that shall some day eclipse if possible, that of Great Britain. There are some ambitions which Germany entertains that are impos-

sible without a navy adequate to protect the Empire, for example, the annexation of Belgium and Holland.

If Germany had these two countries her ocean commerce would enlarge very rapidly. The Russians would quite naturally, now that their navy has been almost totally destroyed, consent to a resolution that would relieve that country from the burden of a navy for years to come. The fact is a latent ambition exists some day to test the valor and efficiency of the naval and land forces of modern Europe.

MR. HEARST AND YELLOW JOURNALISM.

WITHIN the last ten years, Mr. Wm. B. Hearst, the prince of yellow journalists, has posed as the embodiment of reform. His conception of the modern, up-to-date newspaper is one that publishes what the people like to read—facts, of course, if they can be had, but if not, then that which the people like to read must be printed, anyway. Mr. Hearst has been a member of Congress, his term of office expiring March 4th of this year. He was a candidate for the presidential nomination in 1904. Last year he was defeated as the democratic nominee of the State of New York.

His papers in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles have dealt extensively in sensationalism. Men in public life have been unmercifully prodded whenever he thought their persecution would be enjoyed by any considerable number of his readers. He has posed as a great reformer, a champion of the ideal of duty. Now that he has had an oppor-

tunity himself to serve his country and demonstrate what a public official ought to be, some of the great newspapers of the east are taking an inventory of his services in the second session of the Fifty-ninth Congress. The following account is given by the *New York Sun*:

The record of the Hon. William H. Hearst for the second session of the Fifty-ninth Congress—probably his last opportunity to prove his worthiness for legislative office—is here presented;

Days in session to March 4 71
Days when Mr. Hearst may have been present 2

Days when he seems to have been absent 69
Total of roll calls to March 4 33
Representative Hearst recorded as voting 0
Recorded as not voting 33
Bills introduced by Representative Hearst 3
Petitions presented by Representative Hearst 0
Speeches by Representative Hearst 0
Incidental remarks by Representative Hearst. 0

This closes a chapter discreditable to a young man whose personal ambition to be a statesman was in itself praiseworthy, most disgusting to the citizens who at his solicitation permitted him to become their representative, most annoying to the taxpayers whose money he has taken without rendering equivalent service, and most instructive to all persons who are asked to contemplate the possibility of his entrance into any other public office requiring fidelity to trust and a reasonable attention to business.

And there is no going behind these returns.



GOOD, IF TRUE.

WORD comes from the city of Mexico that Mr. Harriman is negotiating through Epes Randolph with Mr. Greene, the copper magnate, for the purchase of the Rio Grande, Sierre Madre and Pacific Railroad. This road extends from Ciudad Juarez just across the Rio Grande River south from El Paso to Terrasas, a distance of 156 miles. The purpose of Mr. Harriman it is said is to extend the road toward a Pacific coast port of Mexico. This road runs through Dublan, a Mormon colony, and if it were extended would open the markets of the

mining districts to our people in that country.

The sale of this road to Mr. Harriman would probably also mean the opening of the large Corralitos Ranch to settlement.



DRINKING CLUBS FOR GIRLS.

A RECENT dispatch to the "New York Sun" reveals a truly unhappy life among many of the English factory girls who are surrendering themselves to the habit of intoxicating drink.

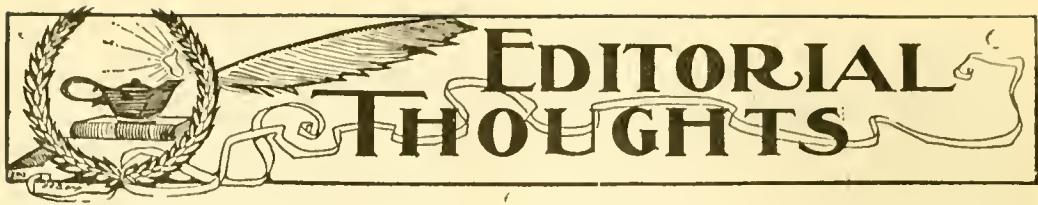
London, March 16.—The intemperance of the women of England of various classes is a subject which is constantly cropping up in the public press. The latest example was discussed at the Wesleyan Mission at Birmingham, when astonishing revelations were made concerning drinking among the factory girls at Birmingham and other towns.

Sister Alice described how drinking clubs existed in hundreds of factories, the main object being to save a penny or two pence a week for fun. At Christmas, birthday celebrations and other festivities some girls would drink till they could drink no longer. She had known girls between 15 and 16 to go home after a holiday flushed with drink. She had known others who were held down on the floor while drink was poured into their mouths.

Sometimes they drank with men, but that was exceptional. As a rule the club money was collected by the forewoman or one of the older girls. The evil seemed to affect every kind of factory. Old established customs had much to do with it. The terrible monotony of work helped to drive the girls to drink for the sake of excitement.

Other workers testified to the extent of the evil, which is terribly prevalent in the potteries among the women operatives, old and young. Husbands and wives alike work in these factories and there is practically no home life. As a result the women make a regular round of public houses. Large numbers of young women not yet out of their teens may be seen sitting at night, hour after hour, drinking and joining in song.

One clergyman on a recent Saturday night visited thirty public houses in Nottingham. He said that in one place he counted fifty girls either in or just out of their teens.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - - JUNE 1, 1907

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George Reynolds, First Asst. General Superintendent.
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THE RAILROADS AND THE PUBLIC.



OW that the great railroads of the country are in the lime-light of public discussion and under investigation in view of the abuses of their powers, the relationship of the railroads to the public is a subject for consideration by every thoughtful citizen. Among ancient nations and today among uncivilized tribes and semi-civilized nations the political power of rulers extended over life and death of their subjects. The foremost nations of modern times have thrown off the oppression and the unlimited power of potentates. It is the boast of our modern civilization that we are no longer at the mercy of political masters. The overthrow of one master and the creation of new and enlarged opportunities have given rise to another

master whose power we have learned is sufficient to dictate in the matter of our living and comforts. The new master is known as the modern trust to which the great railroads of our country belong.

A moment's thought will reveal the fact that the power of the railroad is such as to make the comfort and progress of the people quite dependent upon it. The railroads could bring to New York a famine in a very few days. They could let the people perish from cold in thousands of cities throughout our country. The fact is that the lives as well as the comforts of millions are dependent upon the operation of the railroads. It will therefore be seen that the responsibilities of railroad management become a most sacred trust in behalf of the people. Of course the railroads cannot prosper if the people do not prosper, and no human being in his sane mind would be indifferent or reckless of the lives of the community.

The railroads of our country are in a sort of partnership with the public, and yet they enjoy an exclusiveness in the matter of dividends and may take more than really belongs to them. If they do, and deal unfairly in this great partnership, it will of course in time lead to a dissolution of the partnership; and the management of the railroads by the public, who, in the last analysis, after all, have the preponderance of power in the matter of regulation and control. Railroads cannot give a satisfactory answer to the abuse of their powers by pointing to the fact that they are within their legal rights. These legal rights may easily be shifted by the needs and the demands of the public. The powers and legal rights of a railroad, and

its duties may be two very different things, for there are responsibilities to which the railroads are answerable absolutely, and for certain failures they are inexcusable and they will have to learn that the absolute responsibilities that belong to them cannot be shifted onto the people. The coal famine in Salt Lake City and, indeed, throughout the state, is an illustration of this absolute duty.

Last summer the coal companies, who are indirectly agents of the railroads in the distribution of coal, sent out a warning to the people to store their coal during the summer months in order to protect themselves against the possibilities of a coal famine during the coming winter. As a matter of fact, a large majority of the people did not have the means to provide storage facilities, neither could they lay in a supply in advance of their needs. Many, who by rigid economy might have saved money enough from their daily earnings to provide themselves in advance, were either by nature or by habit too careless to practice that economy. They did not store away a supply of coal for the winter months. The famine came as predicted. The lesson has been to very many a severe one; and perhaps there are railroad officials who imagine that the recent hardships and sufferings through the scarcity of coal will teach the people a lesson.

Now the truth of the whole matter is that the railroads are under an absolute responsibility to see to it that the people do not suffer from want of fuel. Coal in our winter season is almost as necessary as the air we breathe. No corporation can control the atmosphere, but they do control the output and transportation of coal; and therefore the responsibility of the railroads for the proper supply of coal to the public is an absolute one. The question of food and clothing is not so pressing, but the railroads are under a responsibility to see that the public does not suffer from

want of these. The real lesson, therefore, of our coal famine the past winter should come home with greatest force to the railroads and they cannot hide themselves behind the argument that the people should supply themselves months in advance. As a matter of fact the railroads can provide wholesale storage facilities more cheaply than the people can provide them separately; and if the railroads, therefore, are not absolutely certain that they can provide coal during the winter months as abundantly as the needs of the people require, they should provide facilities so that they could store it during the summer. Practically all other shipments should give way to the demands of the coal market. Fuel to keep us warm and bread to sustain our bodies, are needs for which the railroads are absolutely responsible, barring of course accidents and misfortunes over which man has no control.

Nor can it be pleaded that the railroads have not the power or the ability to supply these real necessities of our existence. If they have neither the power nor the ability, they must, of course, vacate the field, and give it up to other persons or to the public. They cannot occupy exclusively a field so important to human existence if they are unable to meet the absolute requirements of those wholly dependent upon them.

Certainly the railroads profit sufficiently from the coal to see to it that the people are properly supplied. When the people must pay five dollars a ton for coal which is taken from the earth at their doors, they have a right at least to demand that they have sufficient of it, for the railroads directly and indirectly have a monopoly of both the coal and its distribution. Heretofore a monopoly in the necessities of life has been extremely obnoxious to the public at large. The people realize, however, that great corporations are at an economic advantage and could, if they would, sup-

ply man's necessities at a minimum of cost. Experience, however has shown us that monopolies have wrought their own undoing through the selfishness and management of those who manipulated them. The great question that the railroads of our country must ask themselves is, Are we dealing fairly and justly by our partners, the public? The railroads have a right to fair dividends, but extreme selfishness on their part would be a short sighted policy which in the end would be ruinous to them.

The time-honored principle of competition, it is believed by many, would be preferable to government control or government ownership, but if competition is strangled and selfishness becomes excessive, government control, and in the end government ownership will be inevitable. There are objections to both, but it is to be hoped that the railroads are now sufficiently awakened to their public responsibilities to deal more fairly and less selfishly with the people in the future than they have dealt with them in the past, for certain it is that there is no excuse for a failure on the part of the railroads to see that the people have the actual necessities of life which it is in the power of the railroads to withhold through either carelessness or inability will be accepted.

Practically the whole railroad system of the United States is in the control of a dozen men who are more powerful in the weal or woe of our country than the men who control our political institutions. We are really less concerned about what the Congress and the President of the United States are doing today than we are about the conduct of a few men who have our material well-being in the palms of their hands. The situation is a grave one and must lead to a serious crisis in the affairs of our nation, if the selfishness of a thousand men at the head of the great trusts of our country dominate them.

Private control and management under skilled operators would be vastly more economical to the public at large than political control, through political methods, would be.

If it be possible for the railroads to abandon the one-sided partnership that they are in with the public and limit that human selfishness which seeks quick fortunes, it would, perhaps, be preferable for the railroads to enjoy the freedom of their present operations. In a word, if the railroads can reform themselves it might be better than for the public at large, an unskilled mass, to undertake the operation of our railroad system. The railroads themselves have made great reforms in their past methods, and that gives some reason to hope that having reformed themselves with respect to their stockholders, they may also reform themselves with respect to the public.

In fixing the responsibilities of a railroad, a distinction is here made between those which are absolute and the ordinary requirements of the public. Railroad managers must know that when the suffering and lives of the people are involved, common-place excuses and ordinary explanations will not suffice. In extreme cases, railroads are under an absolute responsibility so far as human endeavor is concerned.

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AN ADDED SUGGESTION ON HARMONY.

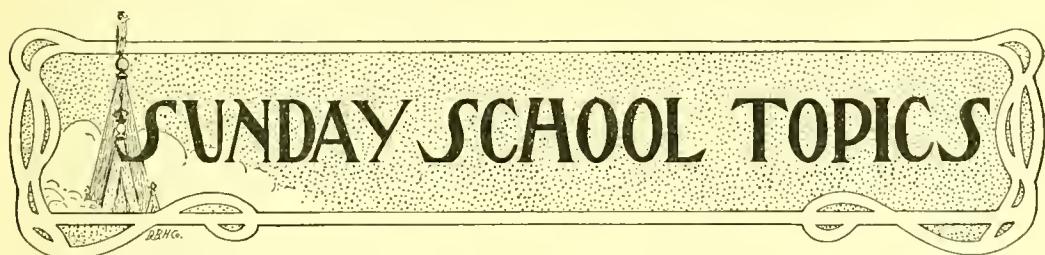
IT is gratifying to know that discretion is being used by Stake and Ward authorities in choosing officers and members in the various organizations. When, for instance, a Stake Superintendent of Sunday Schools desires to choose from some Ward a member for his board, he first speaks to the Stake Presidency, second to the Bishop of the Ward, and then to the person whose services he seeks. Again, when the Stake Presidency desires to call either

Stake or Ward workers from the Sunday School, either to preside in some other organization, or to perform some special mission in another field, they make known their intentions to the presiding authority, from whose organization the member is to be taken. To do so is not only a matter of courtesy but a just means of keeping harmony in the Stake. This is as it should be; and it is pleasing to know that such harmony exists generally.

In the matter however of choosing Stake Superintendents, this order and condition has not been so carefully observed. Stake Superintendents have been released and their successors appointed without consulting or even notifying, beforehand, the General Sunday School Board. While in nearly every instance the change has been acceptable, yet it may happen that such a change might be very unacceptable. There

have been instances when the General Board members had reasons for not sustaining some Stake workers, of which the local authorities were entirely ignorant. Where such is the case, trouble can be avoided by consultation. Aside from this, however, there is the question of the respect due one organization from another. The General Board directs the schools through the Stake Superintendency, and keeps a record of the Superintendencies throughout the Church. It would cause inconvenience not to say humiliation for the Board not having heard of any change, to communicate with a released superintendency. If the Presidency of the Stake will kindly notify the General Board, of their contemplated changes and give the latter a chance to approve or disapprove, I think harmony in this regard will be better promoted.

Joseph F. Smith.



SUNDAY SCHOOL NOTES.

WHY TEACHING IS NOT ENJOYED.

I never knew a teacher, says Waldo Abbott, who came to his class without suitable preparation to enjoy teaching; and I never knew one who was always prepared to dislike it.

HOW NOT TO GET ATTENTION. AN INFALLIBLE RECIPE.

Ring the bell often; do an excessive amount of talking in an elevated key; call frequently on the room to be still; tell how much better other schools are than your own; make a second speech; ring the bell again with a quick, jerking motion, and

insist upon silence, but do not be silent yourself for an instant even. In this way you will with absolute certainty, have a turbulent, unruly, noisy school, and you yourself, as superintendent, will be chiefly to blame for it all.

ADAPTING THE TEACHER AND SCHOLAR.

It is a mistake to place a stubborn boy with a hasty teacher, and to pack the class of a sanguine, sensitive teacher with dull or bad boys. There is such a thing as accommodating teacher and children each to each. There are some boys and some teachers who will never get on together. They remind one of Dr. Chalmers and his

horse. The Doctor, having bought the horse, found in a short time that it was necessary to part with him, for the animal had learned the trick of throwing the Doctor; and at last it came to such a pass that the horse had to be sold. The difficulty was to find a purchaser, as the Doctor's conscience would not permit him to conceal the faults of the horse. Eventually, however, a friend was persuaded to take the charger in return for a copy of the Saints' Everlasting Rest. On inquiring some time after how the horse was liked, the Doctor was not a little astonished at being told that there never was a better one. The key to the mystery was in the Doctor's awkward manner of riding. There are teachers who ride awkwardly, and there are children who do not like it. The superintendent can help both by a change of class.

PREPARING THE LESSON.

Begin early in the week, and thus keep the lesson before the mind while walking the streets, or riding along the road, or plowing the field. Fresh thoughts will thus be developed and the whole subject will be impressed on the mind with the vividness of a sun picture. First read the lesson and its context over carefully. Consult, with the help of your reference Bible, the parallel passages. Make a memorandum of every one which may serve to illustrate the lesson. A memorandum book will be found useful. Take each verse by itself, and get out of each all you can. After thus making notes on each verse, the ideas may be expanded, classified and arranged in proper order. The one great truth of the lesson may be set forth, and the chief points arranged under it. Note especially those points in the lesson which will probably be the hardest for the scholars to understand. Give, also, attention to all allusions to ancient manners and customs, and to Bible geography and his-

tory. As to commentaries, do not begin your lesson by consulting one. Do your own thinking thoroughly first, and afterwards go to authorities.—*Rev. J. M. Freeman.*

Take the subject early in the week. Think about it. Pray over it. Let it undergo the process of incubation, and by the time you have brooded over it a week it will be warm in your own heart, and be presented warm, fresh and glowing to your scholars' hearts. Gather illustrations. Jot down incidents in your note book—incidents occurring in the home circle, in the street, everywhere. Consider your children—their habits, characters, circumstances, that you may know what things will most impress them. Adapt your teaching—concentrate. Take out the one cardinal thought of the lesson and impress it upon the mind and heart. Study the art of questioning, but never take a question book into the class. Close the lesson with your best and strongest thought. Keep the best to the last. In brief, get the lesson, impart the lesson, impress the lesson.—*Rev. Henry C. McCook.*

A teacher cannot give that which he has not got himself.—*Dr. Karl G. Maeser.*

VISITATION OF SCHOLARS.

I have one teacher in my mind who, perhaps, twenty years ago, commenced her teaching with a class of girls. She brought them around her in an infant class; she labored to reach the hearts of those children, and with success. She followed them from year to year, having them under her eye, as it were, for fifteen years, and during that time some of the class passed away to a better clime; but always when there was anything the matter with these children, the first who was called in was the teacher, and when any of them were on a dying bed, the teacher must be found, and they passed away thanking God for her as the instrument of their conversion.

to Christ. Of those who remain, everyone is a Sunday School teacher. But her work as a mere Sunday School teacher with them is not all, for she has now a class of about a hundred and fifty more. This shows how God gives power to those who give themselves to His work. She visits every one of these families frequently, from forty to fifty families a week. This is a severe task, but who would not be taxed here to read hereafter in the Lamb's Book of Life, through countless ages of the eternal world, the names of those whom we have been instrumental, under God, in gathering to his fold?—*J. H. Douglas.*

On this same subject of visiting scholars, Rev. J. H. Vincent makes some excellent suggestions. He says:

Visit every absent scholar during the week if possible. If sick, visit them frequently. Carry them papers, pictures, flowers, books, delicacies. Chat lovingly and encouragingly to them. Read to them. "Time?" Take time. Deny yourself. Let it cost you something. Never allow an absent scholar to be seven days unvisited. One call may save him. Visit the parents. Study the child's home. Consult with the father and mother as to the best interests of the scholar. Secure their assistance in the weekly preparation of his lesson. See if there are not other children there who should attend school. Encourage your scholars to visit you. Have one hour each week—the reception hour—when you will always be happy to greet them at your own house or room. Or appoint one evening a month for this purpose. These are very little things, but they may prove to be silk-en cords which will hold tightly and lift heavenward little souls which, perhaps, stout cables of effort could never touch.

DEPARTMENTS AND CLASSES.

There is uniformity in the Sunday Schools throughout the Church in regard to the departments of the school. The

Kindergarten, the Primary, the First Intermediate, the Second Intermediate, the Theological, and the Parents' departments have their respective positions and courses well defined. In some schools, however, these departments are divided and subdivided; and where such is the case, it is found that there is not uniformity in designating the various divisions. It is suggested, therefore, that when the Intermediate and the Theological departments are divided into two classes, the class studying the outlines in the first and second years should be designated class "B;" the class studying the outlines in the third and fourth years should be known as class "A;" and where these classes are again divided, each subdivision should be called a section, and designated by numerals "1," "2," etc. The class work then will be divided into departments, departments into classes, and classes into sections.

REVISION OF THE OUTLINES.

Theological Department.

Church History.

JUNE.

LESSON 16.—EXPULSION OF THE SAINTS FROM MISSOURI.

I. Attacks upon the Saints.

1. At Gallatin.
 - a. Election day.
 - b. Peniston's harangue.
 - c. A fight.
 - d. Reports reach the Prophet.
 1. Result.
 - e. Affidavits by—
 1. Peniston.
 2. Black.
 - f. Militia called out.
 1. Result.

2. At De Witt.

- a. Austin's mobocrats.
- b. Condition of Saints.
- c. The Prophet reaches De Witt.
- d. The "Mormons" leave their homes.

3. On Crooked river.
 - a. Bogart on Log Creek.
 - b. Patten's company.
 - c. The "battle."
 1. Result.
 - d. Character of David W. Patten.
4. On the Grand.
 - a. Reports of Crooked river "battle."
 - b. Disturbing elements.
 1. Rancorous feelings of apostates.
 2. The alleged "Danite Band."
 3. The cunning of the mob in making false charges against the Saints.
 - c. Movement of the troops.
5. At Haun's Mill.
 - a. A peaceful settlement.
 - b. The attack.
 - c. The result.
6. At Far West.
 - a. Conditions at Far West.
 - b. Treachery of Col. Hinkle.
 - c. The town capitulates.

II. The Exodus.

1. Treatment of the Saints at Far West by the army.
2. General Clark's address.
3. Preparations to leave Missouri.
 - a. General feelings of the Saints.
 - b. Wise directions of President Young.

III. Efforts to obtain redress.

1. Of the Legislature.
 - a. Document formed by the Saints.
 - b. Effect on the Legislature.
 - c. Report published 1840-41.
 - d. Appropriation bill passed by Legislature to cover expenses of driving Saints from their homes.
2. Of the national government.
 - a. Joseph appointed to go to Washington.
 - b. Visit to the President.
 1. Result.

- IV. The cause committed to the Great Judge.

1. The responsibility of the Missouri Persecution.
2. Missouri during the Civil War.
3. Jackson County during the War.

References: History of the Church, Vol. III, pp. 36-85, 149-200, and 217-244 (A detailed account of the Missouri persecutions is given in the appendix of Vol. III, pp. 403-49, composed of testimonies given before a court at Nauvoo, Ill., by Hyrum Smith, Parley P. Pratt, George W. Pitkin, Brigham Young, Lyman Wight, and Sidney Rigdon; it is exceedingly valuable and interesting); One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 253-83; Missouri Persecutions—Roberts, pp. 196-269; Life of Joseph Smith—Cannon, pp. 230-51; Life of Heber C. Kimball—Whitney, Chapter 23; Improvement Era, Vol. V, pp. 915-19; Historical Record—Jenson, pp. 83-88.

Note:—If it is desirable by individual members of the class to enter upon an interesting study of the causes of the Missouri persecutions, they will be amply repaid by reading the very scholarly discussion of this subject by Elder B. H. Roberts, in his introduction to the third Volume of the History of the Church. The whole matter is here brought down to a perfectly rational and intelligible basis.

LESSON 17.—A LONG TERM OF PRISON-LIFE.

- I. The Prophet and others taken prisoners.
 1. Review the conditions at Far West.
 - a. The proximity of the State forces.
 - b. The apprehensions of the Saints.
 2. The treachery of Hinkle.
 - a. Hinkle's plan.
 - b. Feelings of the Prophet and other Church leaders.
 - c. Conduct of the soldiers.
 - d. Treatment of the prisoners.

- 3. The "court-martial."
 - a. Constituency of the "court."
 - b. Deliberations and the sentence.
 - c. Attitude of General Doniphan.
 - 1. Result.
- II. The journey of the prisoners.
 - 1. To Independence.
 - a. Taken to Far West,
 - b. Parting with their families.
 - 1. Joseph and Hyrum.
 - 2. Parley P. Pratt.
 - c. Number of prisoners on leaving Far West.
 - d. Exhibitions of prisoners—conversations.
 - e. Arrival at Independence.
 - f. Imprisoned in the Block House.
 - 2. To Richmond.
 - a. How they were taken thither.
 - b. Confined in the "Bull pen" jail.
 - c. Tactics of Clark.
 - d. Dramatic prison scenes.
 - e. The "trial" of the brethren.
- III. The escape of the brethren.
 - 1. The prisoners divided.
 - a. Joseph the Prophet and those with him.
 - b. Parley P. Pratt and those with him.
 - 2. The first named at Liberty jail.
- a. Scenes of their prison life—revelations.
- b. Taken to Daviess County, and tried there.
- c. Escape and arrival at Quincy.
- 3. Parley P. Pratt and others.
 - a. Prison scene.
 - b. The escape.
 - c. Arrival at Quincy.
 - d. Time of imprisonment, etc.
- 4. Reasons for the long confinement of the brethren.
 - a. Illegality of the whole proceedings.
 - b. The entire innocence of the prisoners.

References: History of the Church, Vol. III, pp. 167-233; One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 271-76; Pratt's Autobiography, pp. 203-313; Life of Joseph Smith—Cannon, pp. 254-83.

Note:—This chapter of incidents is important.

LESSON 18.—THE RISE AND GROWTH OF NAUVOO.

References: History of the Church, Vol. III, pp. 341-93; One Hundred years of Mormonism—Evans, pp. 284-93; Rise and Fall of Nauvoo—Roberts, pp. 17-42; Life of Joseph Smith, pp. 291-301.

LOVE OF BEAUTY.

WE will try to make some small piece of ground beautiful, peaceful, and fruitful. We will have no unintended or unthought-of creatures upon it. We will have flowers and vegetables in our gardens, plenty of corn and grass in our fields. We will have some music and poetry; the children shall learn to dance and sing it; perhaps some of the old people, in time, may also. We will have some art; and little by little some higher art and imagination may manifest themselves among us—nay—even perhaps an uncalculating and uncovetous wisdom,

as of rude Magi, presenting cups of gold and frankincense.

For this love of beauty is an essential part of all healthy human nature, and though it can long coexist with states of life in many other respects unvirtuous, it is itself wholly good; the direct adversary of envy, avarice, mean worldly care, and cruelty. The men in whom it has been most strong have always been compassionate, and lovers of justice and the earliest declarers and discoverers of things conducive to the happiness of mankind.—*John Ruskin.*



SELECTIONS



THE SNAIL AND THE ROSE-BUSH.

AROUND a garden was a fence of hazel-bushes, and beyond that were fields and meadows, with cows and sheep; but in the center of the garden stood a Rose-bush in full bloom. Under it lay a snail, who had a great deal in him, according to himself. "Wait till my time comes," said he; "I shall do a great deal more than to yield roses, or to bear nuts, or to give milk as cows do."

"I expect an immense deal from you," said the Rose-bush. "May I ask when it is to come forth?"

"I shall take my time," replied the Snail. "You are always in such a hurry with your work, that curiosity about it is never excited.

The following year the Snail lay, almost in the same spot as formerly, in the sunshine under the Rose-bush; it was already in bud, and the buds had begun to expand into full-blown flowers, always fresh, always new. And the Snail crept half out, stretched forth its feelers, and then drew them in again.

"Everything looks just the same as last year; there is no progress to be seen anywhere. The Rose-bush is covered with roses—it will never get beyond that."

The summer passed, the autumn passed; the Rose-bush had yielded roses and buds up to the time that the snow fell. The weather became wet and tempestuous, the Rose-bush bowed down towards the ground, the Snail crept into the earth.

A new year commenced, the Rose-bush revived, and the Snail came forth again.

"You are now only an old stick of a Rose-bush," said he; "you must expect to wither away soon. You have given the world all that was in you. Whether that were worth much or not, is a question I

have not time to take into consideration; but this is certain, that you have not done the least for your own improvement, else something very different might have been produced by you. Can you deny this? You will soon become only a bare stick. Do you understand what I say?"

"You alarm me," cried the Rose-bush. "I never thought of this."

"No, you have never troubled yourself with thinking much. But have you not occasionally reflected why you blossomed, and in what way you blossomed—how in one way and not in another?"

"No," answered the Rose-bush; "I blossomed in gladness, for I could not do otherwise. The sun was so warm, the air so refreshing; I drank of the clear dew and the heavy rain; I breathed—I lived! There came up from the ground a strength to me, there came a strength from above. I experienced a degree of pleasure, always new, always great, and I was obliged to blossom. It was my life; I could not do otherwise."

"You have had a very easy life," remarked the Snail.

"To be sure, much has been granted to me," said the Rose-bush, "but no more will be bestowed on me now. You have one of those meditative, deeply thinking minds, one so endowed that you will astonish the world."

"I have by no means any such design," said the Snail. "The world is nothing to me. What have I to do with the world? I have enough to do with myself, and enough in myself."

"But should we not in this earth all give our best assistance to others—contribute what we can? Yes! I have only been able to give roses; but you—you who have got so much—what have you given to the world? What will you give it?"

"What have I given? What will I give? I spit upon it! It is good for nothing. I have no interest in it. Produce your roses—you cannot do more than that—let the hazel-bushes bear nuts, let the cows give milk! You have each of you your public; I have mine within myself. I am going into myself, and shall remain there. The world is nothig to me."

And so the Snail withdrew into his house and closed it up.

"What a sad pity it is!" exclaimed the Rose-bush. "I cannot creep into shelter, however much I might wish it. I must always spring out, spring out into roses. The leaves fall off, and they fly away on the wind. But I saw one of the roses laid in a psalm-book belonging to the mistress of the house; another of my roses was placed on the breast of a young and beautiful girl, and another was kissed by a child's soft lips in an ecstasy of joy. I was so charmed at all this; it was a real happiness to me—one of the pleasant remembrances of my life."

And the Rose-bush bloomed on in innocence, while the Snail retired into his slimy house—the world was nothing to him!

Years flew on. The Snail had returned to earth, the Rose-bush had returned to earth; also the dried rose-leaf in the psalm-book had disappeared, but new rose-bushes bloomed in the garden, and new snails were there; they crept into their houses; spitting—the world was nothing to them!

Shall we read their history too? It would not be different.

Hans Christian Anderson.



WANTED: COURAGEOUS INDIVIDUALITY.

THERE are few things from which the society of today suffers more grievously than the tendency to imitation. The prevalence of fads of all sorts and kinds, the tyranny of methods of doing things, the

apparently irresistible desire of many people to be always in the mob, and to rush tumultuously with the crowd wherever the crowd collects, have often been commented upon as peculiarly characteristic of American life. That they are characteristic is due not so much to the fact that Americans are different from other people, as that their society is freer, and that men and women have larger liberty in electing what they shall do and in selecting the road they will take.

If men and women could get rid of the desire to do as their neighbors do, and substitute for it the determination to do as they feel they ought to do, hosts of people would be relieved of intolerable slavery and freed from dangerous temptations. The great majority of men who live beyond their means are victims of this passion to do as their neighbors do, without regard to the difference between their income and their neighbor's income. Instead of selecting their own way of living, choosing their interests, forming their own habits, defining their own aims, and so becoming independent, rational human beings, who stand for something real and who contribute to the moral wealth of a community, they sink to the level of mere imitators and count for nothing, because they stand for nothing. Neither house, nor table, nor dress, nor entertainment, represents their real financial condition. There is no more convincing evidence of what is called thorough-breeding than the element of reality which penetrates the life of the men and women who stand thoroughly on their feet, and who are not dependent upon others for position, pleasure, or influence. In the genuine home, the sense of the relation and proportion between all the activities of life and all forms of expenditure is instinctively as well as intelligently preserved. People of this class do not make their tables meagre in order that they may spend more money on

clothes, nor do they cut their charities down to the zero point in order that they may give more expensive entertainments; nor are they willing to live in comfort themselves and compel their servants to live in garrets and cellars. A real household is honest throughout; it does not wear a veneered front to the world; it is not a noble portico to a mean residence.

If the men and women who are in bondage to the standards of other people could only realize for a day the freedom which comes from going their own way instead of treading the hot and dusty highway, they would not only find their bondage intolerable, but they would be unable to understand why they were willing to endure it for a moment. Anxiety, unrest, loss of self-respect, defalcation, dishonesty in every form lurk around the path of the man who is spending more money than he has a right to spend; and the sense of unreality, of lowering the standards, of making life common and cheap, attends the woman who adapts herself to the ways and habits of other women about her, instead of resolutely, courageously and quietly giving them the benefit of her own independent and honorable acceptance of conditions. In the social confusion which reigns in this country, where there is no social authority which defines social aims and fixes social habits, the influence of the individual woman is of immense importance. In every community, if she has tact, good sense and courage, she can often change the atmosphere. Instead of imitating a few people more eager for pleasure than for culture, and mistaking, eating, drinking, and mere hilarity for the joy and refreshment of social intercourse, she can, by her way of living, the ordering of her household, the quality of her entertainments, set up new standards and oppose the spirit of the higher civilization to the semi-barbaric habits which prevail in the social life of many communities. In this country,

with its democratic freedom, there ought to be the widest scope for individuality. It ought to be easy for men and women to live their own lives in their own way without regard to their neighbors. On the contrary, there is probably less individuality here than in many older countries, and far greater disposition to herd together and to go in mobs. Whenever evil conditions are brought to light, as in the past year, it invariably appears that only a few have done positive wrong, but that many have kept quiet and acquiesced when they ought to have protested and combated. Those who accept lower aims and meaner habits because they lack the courage to stand by their own aims and practice their own ways, are moral cowards, and moral cowardice is as disastrous in its results as positive evil. American society everywhere needs courageous men and women who know how to live and are not afraid to put their knowledge into practice.

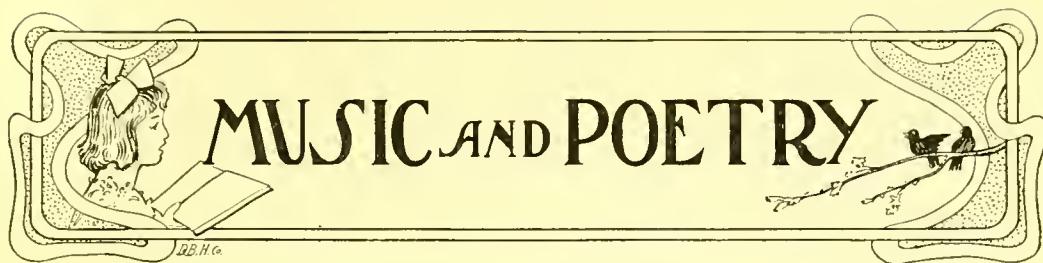
The Outlook.

THE BEST.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's
force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in
their horse;
And every humor hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments'
cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be,
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.

William Shakespeare.

Today leads you up to the hilltops
That are kissed by the radiant sun;
Today shows no tomb, life's hopes are in
bloom,
And today holds a prize to be won.



GOD KNOWETH THIS

WHO, when December spreads the fields with snow,
Says, "The spring will come again,
Harvests I yet will sow shall spring and grow,"
And cheerfully makes ready seed and grain,
However dull the spirit is and slow,
God's power must know.

Who lieth down at night in tranquil sleep,
While o'er the earth the night's black shadows run,
While sleep-locked senses can no vigils keep,
And feels assurance of tomorrow's sun—
However he deny, however err,
Rests in God's care.

Who sings, "Tomorrow I will do or dare,
The unknown future holds desired bliss;
I will achieve," and toils with patient care
From day to day, with hope, believing this—
However wantonly he may disown,
Trusting God alone.

Whoever dares to live, in life's most vital sense,
When death, disaster, leave him only woes,
And asks of life no other recompense
Than to approve bimself till life shall close—
When questions great and small are reconciled—
He is God's child.

Ellen Jakeman.

WE ARE WRITING.

WITH a golden pen we are writing.
On life's great scroll each day,
And every word,
Will yet be heard.
In a place that is far away.

We are writing, yes, we are writing;
Even the thoughts we think,
Writing the pain,
That follows shame,
If vile is the heart at the brink.

We are writing, yes, we are writing,
Even the deeds we do,
Writing the joy
Naught can destroy,
If we sift but the false from the true.

We are writing, yes, we are writing,
Writing the words we say,
Penning the tale,
That will not fail,
To be read at the final day.

Cease we our writing? No, never,
Until life's page we fill,
Till the Master calls,
And the crayon falls;
And the hand in death lies still.

Sarah E. Mitton.

CONSOLATION.

SOMETIMES a joy and sometimes a sorrow,
Ah! who that can tell what augurs the morrow!

Sometimes a pleasure and sometimes a pain,
But we always have sunshine after the rain.

As the fierce thunder-storm purges the air,
As after the tempest 'tis peaceful and fair;
So doth affliction our natures subdue,
That the Spirit of God may kindle anew.

Even should death enter into the home,
To leave our hearts desolate, wounded and lone,
Yea, though it takes the beloved of the fold,
'Tis a lesson worth more than treasures of gold.

Whom the Lord loveth He surely will chide,
Where there is no sorrow no joy can abide,
After the yielding, cometh the blessing,
After the warfare our Father's caressing.

Ruth May Fox.

Thy dreams of noble doing are but seeds,
And all about thee lie the waiting fields;
Sow them in faith and love—the season yields
The perfect flower that crowns unselfish deeds.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A REVERIE.

OUT in the dewy meadows,
Where dainty violets grow,
Tall trees cast lengthen'd shadows,
And the brooklet murmurs low;
A child, in life's bright sunshine,
Is plucking the flowers sweet;
While fragrant grasses waving bend
Beneath her careless feet.
With hands full of sweet-briar roses
She lists to the wild birds sing;
Ah, little she knows, this happy child,
What the coming years will bring;

And the years go by. 'Tis summer time,
Sweet are the meadow flowers,
Solemn the air with odorous breath,
Gift of the summer showers.
Again this maiden roams the field,
With bright and happy eyes;
She dreams of a tender lover now,
Under the sunny skies.
Changes will come like the shadows,
Sunshine follows the rain;
This maiden becomes a happy bride,
And we view her once again.

She stands in the flickering firelight,
Watching the embers glow,
With sad thoughts of a little grave,
Under the shining snow.
'Tis Christmas time, and sleigh bells
Ring out 'mid wildest joy,
But one sad heart weeps there alone
Over a baby boy,
Gone with the beautiful angels,
Dwelling with God on high.
Where winter winds will harm him not,
And flowers will never die.

Oh, changes that come with the sunshine,
That come with the winter snow,
Oh, sad, sad thoughts of loving hearts,
That still through the years will go,

Leading forever onward,
Swiftly on wings of love,
Until they are all united
In Paradise above.

May E. Lillie.

THE HINT

"OH! there's Edith waiting for us," were the words of Lucy Bond, a sweet little maid about thirteen years of age, "I don't like her a bit, and she's always hanging around us."

"Neither do I," said Alice Grooce, "but we'll get away from her some way."

There were three little girls together, and I am sorry to say they were making these unpleasant remarks while going to Primary, a place where all should be friendly to each other—they were Lucy Bond, Alice Grooce and Mabel Hill.

Edith White was a little girl that was causelessly disliked by the three. She was standing in the front yard of the church, waiting for these three little girls.

They passed, and barely said "Hello," when they found that Edith was following them, and began to chat merrily to them.

The three girls all looked at her as if to say "You are impudent."

"Oh, Alice and Mabel! come with me to the post office, it's early, and Primary will not start for a quarter of an hour yet," said Lucy, but she did not mention Edith.

"All right," was the reply from the two girls spoken to.

"Oh, yes! and I have to go to the store;

"will you come with me, Lucy and Alice?" said Mabel.

This they kept up, without inviting Edith. Yet it seemed she could not take the hint, but followed them afterward, to get the worst of it.

"Never mind," whispered Alice, "we'll get her away, somehow."

At last they reached the church. All ran, and finding that Primary had not yet started, they thought "Well, we'll get her from us some way now."

So the three ran down the stairs to the amusement hall, or the basement of the church, Edith still following them, Mabel was last of the three.

"Slam the door, Mabel," whispered Alice." Mabel slammed the door, as she had been told, leaving poor Edith to go back up the stairs nearly broken hearted.

They stayed there for a short time, when they heard the organ. That meant for Primary to begin, and they were ashamed to meet Edith now. They went and took their seats, but never spoke to Edith, nor did she speak to them. These three girls still went in company, but only a short time after that something of the same kind was about to happen again.

Lucy Bond was the sweetest of the three. She had large, brown eyes that made her attractive to everyone that beheld her. She had bright dark hair, which hung in long braids down her back.

Alice Grooce was a very attractive little girl, too. She had large, blue eyes, and her hair was blonde. While Mabel was not at all pretty, she had dark brown hair and gray eyes. She seemed to have an awkward way of expressing herself, and was not liked by so many as the others were.

"Oh, we don't care much for Mabel," whispered Alice to Lucy.

"No, I don't, anyway."

So they began to act in the same way to Mabel as they had done to Edith.

Mabel knew them well, and she knew

what their plan was. So she stopped going with them right then, and they couldn't say, "We've got two girls away from us now!" No, she would not give them a chance. They separated, and I think that Alice and Lucy felt a little anxious over it, for they had once loved Mabel and she had loved them.

But not long afterwards Mabel became ill, and she knew she was going to die. So she told her mother to send for Alice and Lucy, and when they came she kissed them and said, "I hope you will forgive me for any wrong I may have done you. For I know you didn't like me, and you must have had a reason. So please forgive me, and I will die in peace."

I suppose you can imagine, children, the feelings of those two little girls. Well, I cannot tell you, so if you can't think you'll never know.

But I think Mabel died in peace.

Henryetta Gabreal.

BABY BENSON.

A TINY litt

You came a year ago,
The wild wood birds were singing,
The May time was aglow,
And in their nests the birdlings
Were twittering soft and low,
When you and baby brother
Came just a year ago.
Now brother is in heaven,
While you—we love you so.

Lydia D. Alder.

THE TWO CRUTCHES.

(CONCLUDED)

"DEAR, dear! that would have been worse, a great deal worse!" cried the left crutch, with sudden animation. But soon relapsing into a mournful creaking again, he added, "Still, you must own that it is dreadful to have to waste our existence in such a dull life as we now must lead."

"O no, our existence will not be wasted,

nor our lives dull!" exclaimed the benevolent crutch. "Is it not a joy to think that we shall serve to support a weak and suffering creature; that we, stripped of our bright bark and robbed of our merry green leaves as we are may be more useful in our bareness than we ever were in our beauty? Yes; for we shall help another to enjoy the sunshine wherever it falls on ourselves."

The cheerful voice of the right crutch, as he ended his happy speech, died away in Harvey's awakening ear. The lame boy stretched himself, and opened his eyes. Nothing was to be heard but the song of the thrush.

"Well, I have had a funny dream—a remarkably funny dream!" exclaimed Harvey, looking first at one crutch and then at the other, as if to make sure whether they kept any traces of the curious transformation which he had seen in his dream. But no; the talking crutches were silent enough now. The green leather looked like nothing else but simple green leather, and there was not a single twinkling eye to be seen among all the rows of brass nails. Harvey smiled as he took up the right crutch, and gently stroked its rest, and noticed how nicely padded it was.

"I am much obliged to you, friend crutch; I am really much obliged to you," said the boy, laughing to himself as he recollects what had passed in his dream. "You've taught me to make the best of my trouble, and not to grumble because I can't be what I once was, or enjoy as I once enjoyed. Why need my existence be wasted or my life be dull? Is there no weak, helpless creature that I may help to support and make happy? I have little bodily strength, indeed; but there's pocket money in my purse, and many an honest poor person is in want of a shilling. I have not feet fit to run races; but I have hands that can work, and a tongue to speak words of cheer, such as heard from

the crutch in my dream. I may still help someone to enjoy the sunshine, and then its brightness will fall on myself."

Thoughts like these comforted the heart of poor Harvey, and he returned to his father's house with a more contented and cheerful spirit than he had known for a long time.

"It did Master Harvey a wonderful deal of good to get out into the garden yesterday," observed the parlor-maid to the house-maid on the following morning.

"I heard him whistling in the evening, as I have not done since his poor leg was taken so bad."

"He was busying himself in a funny way, I take it," said the house-maid. "He must have been scratching the four odd lines which I found on one of his new crutches."

"Lines scratched on a crutch!" exclaimed her companion; "that is an odd place to put poetry, seeing that paper's so cheap. Can you remember the lines?"

The house-maid laughed as she repeated the following rough verse which Harvey had scratched on his crutch to keep in his mind the memory of his dream:

Health and strength are great blessings, but now
I find joys that I value as much;
If we're not like the beautiful bough,
Let's be like the benevolent crutch.

Adapted.

¶

ALWAYS TELL MOTHER.

ALWAYS tell mother! She'll lend you her ear,
Your tales of despair she is willing to hear;
Tell her when troubles and trials assail,
Seek her for comfort when sorrows prevail;
Take mother's hand when temptations entice,
Ask mother's counsel, seek her advice.

Always tell mother! In mother confide,
Foster no secrets from mother to hide;
Train your thoughts nobly, nor let your lips
speak

Words that would kindle a blush on her cheek,
Mother stands ready her aid to impart—
Open to mother the door of your heart.

Always tell mother! Your joys let her share;
Lift from her shoulders their burden of care;
Brighten her pathway, be gentle and kind,
Strengthen the ties of affection that bind;
Tell her you love her, look up in her face,
Tell her no other can take mother's place.

Always tell mother! When dangers betide;
Mother, if need be, will die by your side.
E'en should you be sunken in sin and disgrace,
Yet mother will never turn from you her face.
Others may shun you, but she will befriend,
Stands ever ready to shield and defend.
Mother's devotion is always the same,
Softly and reverent'y breathe mother's name!

*
THE LETTER-BOX.

Sunday School but No Branch of the Church.

CEDAR GLADES, ARK.,
May 2, 1907.

I am a little girl, 7 years of age. This is my first attempt to write to the JUVENILE. I cannot write very well yet, and so my Aunt Marena is writing for me. My papa does not take the JUVENILE, but grandpa does. We have a little Sunday School here, but no regular branch of the Church. We have twenty members enrolled on the Sunday School roll. Grandma is my teacher and Aunt Rena is secretary. The Elders have visited us several times this year. We are always glad for them to come. Elder James F. Washburn is our conference president. Well I will say goodbye, as I do not wish to tire you.

MEDDIE AULT.

*

The Flood.

[This is an old letter which, because it tells something, should have been published before. It was laid aside for lack of space, when received, and was overlooked until now. As the letter was not dated, the time of the disaster described cannot be given.—ED.]

COLONIA OAXACA, SONORA, MEX.

It rained steady here for a week, and

Saturday and Sunday it rained hard. Monday morning at 10 o'clock the river was not out of its banks, but at 5 o'clock that evening it was all over town. There were ten nice brick houses washed down and twenty adobe houses, besides several barns full of hay. That night we were all camped on the hill, sitting around a little campfire, listening to the houses fall. All we had with us was a little bedding and a few sacks of flour. Two boys came near being drowned, but were fortunately rescued. The next morning there were bedding, clothing, chairs, tables, bedsteads, trunks, books, organs and pianos scattered all over town, and the river bed is now where several of the houses were.

ELVA NAEGLE.

*

A Good Coal Country.

ESCALANTE, UTAH, April 5, 1907.

We like the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR very much. We live about sixty miles from the Colorado River. This is a very rough country. We have plenty of wood and coal. Beds of coal extend from here to the Colorado River. It is a good sheep and cattle country. I like Sunday School, Primary and Religion Class. Mama is the principal of our Religion Class. I am eleven years old.

ZINA ROE.

*

Grandpa Lived on the Church Farm in Nauvoo

LEHI, UTAH, March 10, 1907.

This is the first time I have written to the Letter-Box. My grandma was seventy-three years old on the 4th of March. She is living with us now. She knew the Prophet Joseph Smith. She lived with her father and mother on the Church farm in Nauvoo. My papa has always taken the JUVENILE. I love to read the stories in it.

JOYCE PERMELIA SCHOW, age 10 years.

LAUGH, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.

What Became of Little Mary.

LITTLE MARY started to school, slate and pencil in hand. By-and-by she stopped the use of the slate, and the "tablet" was substituted. She also dropped the "r" and "May" was her new name. High School days increased her knowledge and also her name—it appeared "Mayme." College days were crowded full and the little notes reached home signed "Mae." College days have passed and gone and in a home of her own they call her 'Ma.'



The Good Old Time.

"WHAT! it takes you four weeks to make a few insignificant repairs? Ridiculous! Why, it took God only six days to create the world."

Contractor: "Ah, but He didn't employ union labor."



The Class in Chemistry.

SCHOOLMASTER (at end of object lesson) "Now can any of you tell me what is water?"

Small and Grubby Urchin: "Please, teacher, water's what turns black when you puts your 'ands in it!"



Lucky.

A CENSUS-TAKER, while on her rounds called at a house occupied by an Irish family. One of the questions she asked was, "How many males have you in this family?"

The answer came without hesitation: "Three a day, mum."



Lines to a Literary Man in Love.

LOVER, if you would Landor now,
And my advice will Borrow,
Raleigh your courage, storm her Harte,—
In other words, be Thoreau.

You'll have to Stowe away some Sand,
For doubtless you'll Findlater
That to secure the maiden's hand
Hugo and tackle Pater.

Then Hunt a Church to Marryatt,

An Abbott for the splice;
And as you Rideout afterWard
You both must Dodge the Rice.

Next, on a Heaven-Gissing Hill,
A Grant of Land go buy,
Whence will be seen far Fields of Green,
All Hay and Romany Rye.

Here a two-Story Houseman builds;
The best of Holmes is it,
You make sure that on its Sill
The dove of peace Hazlitt.

"Hough does one Wright this Motley verse,
This airy persiflage?"
Marvel no Morris to Howitt's Dunne,
Just Reade Watson this Page!

Elizabeth Dickson Conover.



Not Transferable.

SIX-YEAR-OLD Tommy was sent by his sister to the grocery to buy a pound of lump-sugar. He played on his way to the store, and by the time he arrived there he had forgotten what kind of sugar he was sent for. So he took a pound of the granulated article, and was sent back to exchange it.

"Tommy," said the grocer, as he made the exchange, "I hear you have a new member in your family."

"Yes, sir," replied Tommy, "I've got a little brother."

"Well, how do you like that?"

"Don't like it at all," said Tommy, "rather had a little sister."

"Then why don't you change him?"

"Well, we would if we could; but I don't suppose we can. You see, we've used him four days."



Beyond Words.

"ARE you feeling very ill?" asked the doctor.
"Let me see your tongue, please."

"What's the use, doctor," replied the patient;
"no tongue can tell how bad I feel."

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Gen. Pass. Agt. Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.
Salt Lake City, Utah.



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